Fall To Wrath

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Fall To Wrath

by ElizaD

Summary

Will is mugged and comes homes injured.

Hannibal takes care of him then rains down hell on the pig that dared harm his Will.

Part of a serious but can be read as a stand alone.

Notes

This was much harder than expected. Hannibal is in control and while having Will lose his temper was easy and great Hannibal gave me some trouble. But I think I got there in the end. I hope so. Apologies for a certain bad homophobic slur, only used once.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal, removed the roast potatoes from the oven, the scent of rosemary and garlic filled the air. He placed them in a serving dish with a lid to stay warm and put the empty baking tray in the dishwasher. The table was set, candles lit and the side dishes were prepared, Will would call him at the bottom of the hill they lived on and when he did Hannibal would put the thick steaks into the pan to be cooked rare. The man who had grabbed Will's ass without remorse had provided some rather tasty meat and Hannibal was slightly disappointed to be eating the last of it.

He checked his watch, Will was late returning. Will had walked down to a local store to collect their fortnightly order of wine but had not texted to say he was close yet. It was unusual for the store to be busy at this time on a Thursday night but not unheard of, he was only twenty minutes late and the sides would stay warm in the dishes. Another ten minutes and Hannibal was beginning to grow slightly worried, he texted Will but received no reply and his phone calls went unanswered. He opened the front door to look out onto the burnt gold sunset. After a few minutes of concerned watching, Will appeared, Hannibal smelt the blood before he saw it.

Will was moving slowly, a hand clutching his ribs and blood sluggishly running down his face from a large gash on his forehead. He was clearly favouring one leg over the other. Hannibal moved forward and held Will to stand upright. "Darling, what has happened?" He asked.

"I got mugged," Will answered, grunting in pain. "He took the wine, my wallet and my phone."

"Oh my sweet," Hannibal sighed, lifting Will off his feet to carry him bridal style to their shared bedroom.

"It was my fault," Will said, as Hannibal gathered the medical kit together.

"Nonsense," he said, voice tight with barely contained anger.

"I could have taken him, I just wasn't paying attention and he caught me by surprise," Will said, wincing as Hannibal cleaned the cut on his forehead.

"He is the one who has committed a crime," Hannibal told him. "He is responsible, no-one else."

"Would it have been okay if I was rude?" Will asked with a pained laugh.

"No," Hannibal answered. Carefully cleaning up Will's obvious wounds as carefully as he could and checking him over for more. Will's ribs sported bruises and he suspected one was cracked but it was mild, he could bandage them himself save them a night in the emergency room and a police report. There were various other bruises and scrapes but no more open wounds. The gash of his forehead required a few stitches but there was no permanent damage done. "No weapon?" Hannibal asked.

“No,” Will answered. “He shoved me into the wall, that’s how I hurt my head and I was too dizzy to fight back,” he explained as Hannibal moved down to his legs. “Ow, ow ouch!” He complained as Hannibal eased off one of his boots. “I think my ankle is hurt,” he said meekly.

“Yes, dearest,” Hannibal confirmed, examining the swollen body part. “A moderate twist, stay off your feet and it will heal quickly, any other points of pain?” He asked.

“My opposite knee is twinging but I don’t remember hitting it,” he said. Hannibal helped him to remove his other shoe and jeans with little fuss and examined his knee cap, narrowing down the point of pain.

“It is uninjured,” he said softly. “Most likely just sore from the extra effort it took from you walking on a damaged ankle. You should sleep now,” he said.

“But you were making dinner,” Will said.

“Nothing that cannot keep,” Hannibal told him kindly. “I doubt you would enjoy eating a large meal until the pain has lessened some,” he carefully tending to Will’s bruises with a numbing cream, bandaged his forehead and put a compression sock on his foot. “Rest, ice, compression, elevation,” he recited with a gentle smile, hiding the rage simmering in him. He placed a cushion under Will's foot and collected a small pack of ice from the freezer, holding it gently to Will’s throbbing head.

“Thanks,” Will said gratefully.

"I need you to tell me everything you remember, darling," Hannibal said calmly.

"He had greasy red hair past his shoulders and looked like it merged with his beard, they were both tangled and dirty. I didn't recognize his accent but he was pale, like weirdly pale considering the sun we've had over the last two weeks, everyone else is brown or red, he was milky white," Will said.

"Very good, Will, anything else?" Hannibal pressed gently.

"I think his eyes were green but only saw them clearly for a few seconds," Will said. "He was about 6ft, and broad, muscled," he thought for a moment. "Really good teeth."

"Good teeth?" Hannibal said, not showing any surprise.

"Yeah, straight and white. The rest of him was dirty but his teeth were perfect," Will remembered. "And he had a tattoo on his left arm."

"Noticeable?" Hannibal asked hopefully.

"Yeah, it covered most of his arm," Will let out a weak chuckle followed by a pained grunt. "It said monster, big bold letters."

"How unimaginative," Hannibal said, lip curling in distaste. He took a white pill from a box in the medical kit. "This will stop the pain and put you right to sleep, love," he said, offering

the pill to Will. Will struggled into a semi-upright position and swallowed the pill with a gulp of water. He lay back on the pillows with a dreamy smile. "There, much better darling," Hannibal cooed gently as Will's eyes began to droop.

"Hannibal, he was rude," Will said softly. "Spat on me, called me a bitch, and threatened to… do worse," Will whimpered.

"He won't ever have the chance," Hannibal promised, voice dangerously low. Will gave him one more sleepy smile of acceptance before drifting off. Hannibal bent forward and gave Will a soft kiss on the forehead before leaving the bedroom silently.

He was furious, rage surging below the surface ready and eager to explode. His hands were trembling with it when he opened up the app that allowed him to track Will's phone. He'd make sure Will locked it so this 'monster' had not been able to turn it off. Hannibal could find him.

There was a smear of blood on his sleeve, Will's blood. The disgusting excuse for a man had spilled the blood of Hannibal's most beloved. The rage was flooding through him, almost blinding him with its intensity, his bones quivering beneath muscle and sinew. The last time he had felt it he had been a child, too weak to stop them from taking his dear Misha from him.

But he had grown and he took revenge on every one of them though it had taken him years. He would not wait so long for his revenge this time. This man would not be killed for food or to be elevated to art. He would be destroyed by Hannibal's righteous, burning wrath. He would not only destroy him he would wipe the pathetic stain from existence. No-one would ever harm his Will again, he would rather destroy every single person on the planet, let them all die so his Will was safe. He pushed the rage down, letting it bind its time, grow within him.

He felt a stab of fear at the idea that he could have lost Will, a head injury could have been fatal, one moment and Hannibal would be forced to exist in a world without Will Graham. That world was grey and painfully boring and now Hannibal had seen the word drenched in colour and vibrantly alive he would not return to it, not for any reason. The icy fist of fear morphed into fresh anger, adding fuel to the fire of his rage. Hannibal did not bother with his tailored kill suit, just grabbed a pair of thick leather gloves and stormed out to the car. Not the Bentley, a bland car that no-one noticed, he had driven it to multiple crime scenes, its large trunk was a requirement usually and not once had any news report mentioned the vehicle. He attached his phone to its place, one eye on the blinking of Will’s phone as he drove closer to the pig.

He eventually drew up to a run down block of flats and parked in a piss soaked alleyway, ignoring the rats that scurried away from his foot falls. Any cameras nearby were probably regularly broken. The door opened easily and he moved into the hallway, the glowing of Will’s phone grew as he drew closer. He arrived at the top floor, unsure of exactly which flat he was looking for; he kicked open the first door he came to.

A burly man shot up from his chair with a profanity. He was deathly pale and built like a fridge, he did actually look like he may taste good. Hannibal’s eyes settled on his arm, the

bold lettering spelling out ‘monster’ he smiled, slow and predatory. This creature was soon to encounter a real monster. “Who the fuck you think you are?” He barked, his teeth were really very good. Hannibal felt irritation on top of his anger at his poor grammar.

Hannibal shut the door behind him, he doubted anyone walking by would interfere with his business here. “My name is Doctor Hannibal Lecter,” he said coldly. “You attacked a man tonight, the bag of wine in the corner was taken from him, you really should have put the white in the fridge. Please tell me where his wallet and phone are, I would rather not waste time looking for them.”

“That’s why you here? ‘Cos I beat some pretty little bitch who couldn’t defend himself. Welcome to the fucking world. There’s the pigs and the butchers and nothing you can do about it,” he sneered.

Hannibal smiled, his teeth glinting and the rage burning around him. “I quite agree, there are pigs, butchers and monsters. However, you seem to be confused about which category you fall into. You believe yourself to be a butcher, maybe even a monster? You are the lowest form of pig, and one thing you should know about a true monster is that it will defend its mate at any cost. You dared to lay a hand on what is mine, spill his precious blood, spit at and threaten him.

“Fuck off back to your bitch, faggot, or you’ll bleed too,” the ridiculous man snarled, trying to be intimidating. Hannibal felt nothing and continued stalking towards the pig who stank of cheap beer and recreational drugs. He would be so easy and so satisfying to destroy.

“I think it is time to rectify your misconceptions,” Hannibal said. The fool lunged for him, but Hannibal was faster. He sidestepped the man’s swing and drove his elbow into the base of his neck, bringing his knee upward to smash into the man’s nose, blood staining his jeans and splatting onto the floor. Hannibal allowed the pig to stand, clutching his nose and bearing those perfect teeth. With savage delight Hannibal drove his fist into those teeth over and over again, driving the man back until he was backed against the wall, teeth littering the floor. He clutched the side of man’s head digging his fingers into his most painful pressure points before smashing the back of his head against the wall, yelling in rage and wanting to wipe the man from existence.

The man was soon groggy and swaying, Hannibal vice-like grip being the only thing keeping him standing. With a surge of fury Hannibal plunged his thumbs into the man’s glazed eyes, grinning throughout his shriek of pain and blood and tissue leaked down his face. Hannibal made sure it was audible when he sucked his thumbs into his mouth, one and then the other. “You don’t taste as foul as I expected,” he commented. “Usually drugged up pigs are less desirable, I perhaps should have brought my carving knife. Sliced you up and taken a steak home for my love to feast upon. C’est la vie.”

With a pained roar the man swung his arm blindly in front of him but he was confused, blinded and terrified and Hannibal caught his wrist easily, twisting his arm until it was ripped from its socket with a sickening noise. The terrified pale pig was bent over double, pale and whimpering in agony. “I’m sorry!” He cried. “I-I’m s-so so s-s-sorry!”

“Shut up. I find repeat apologies very irritating,” Hannibal said dismissively, a dangerous edge of anger in his tone. “Hold still!” He barked when the man tried again to get away from him, his grip on the wrist tightening, putting pressure on the fragile bones there. With his free hand Hannibal withdrew a sharpened scalpel from his pocket. He regarded the tattoo with a curled mouth, no true monster would so obviously mark themselves, he was a pig pretending to be more. Hannibal slid his scalpel into the skin, carefully and slowly removing the mark in one solid piece. “Tattoos do impair taste terribly,” he said. “You may never have become a target if you had not attacked my Will,” Hannibal informed him. He rolled the skin into a cylinder and forced it between the man’s cracked teeth. “Try not to bite off your tongue, it causes massive bleeding and you will die far too quickly,” he suggested darkly before letting the heavy weight drop to the floor. “There, now we can begin,” Hannibal said with a small smile before his eyes went dead and he let go of the last shred of his control.

What followed was a glorious blur of pain and screams and blood, waves of anger carrying Hannibal high. Hannibal drove his pointed shoes into the man’s muscles over and over again as he pleaded for mercy. It was not granted, instead Hannibal kicked the lump of bruised flesh onto his stomach and stamped on his back, relishing the break of his bones, taking care not to snap his spin yet. When done with the back he tipped the man face up and began stamping on his ribs, he was pretty sure one of his lungs had collapsed but that would not kill him too quickly. He stamped on his already broken nose and shattered both knees with savage delight. Hannibal and not planned what he wanted to do to this disgusting creature, just that he would hurt him, and he let the rush of white hot fury guide him, handing himself over to it completely. He crushed the bones in both wrists and ankles into kindling before using his fists. The supple leather of gloves kept his knuckles from splitting open but did nothing to soften his blows. The man’s pale flesh was soon patterned with purple and blue bruises, his clothes ripped by Hannibal’s anger. The skin split in several places and blood seeped onto the dirty carpet he lay on.

The man continued to scream but was incapable of fighting back and Hannibal knew where to drive his thumb in to keep him from passing out. He took out his scalpel and began stabbing into the flesh under him. Not one of the cuts was deep enough to kill but they hurt, they hurt like hell when he twisted the blade inside. The effects were ugly and it was not the ugliness of art, just an explosion of godlike wrath. The man was slowly dying, fading away before Hannibal's eyes. Hannibal plunged the blade into the man’s penis, how dare he threaten Will with such a sickening weapon? He stabbed at the base before ripping it off with his hand and tossing it across the room. The man howled like an animal, hardly able to breathe. Hannibal returned to punching him, disfiguring his face beyond recognition, he wasn’t sure which blow had killed him, perhaps his heart had simple given out from sheer terror.

The body was cold by the time Hannibal stopped raining down hell on it, leaving blood and flesh that barely resembled a human on the floor. His clothes were splattered with blood as was his face. Hannibal wiped his face with a rag though it was unlikely anyone would see him on his way home. Now he had expelled his anger he calmly located Will’s wallet and phone, collected his wine and drove home.

On arriving home Hannibal checked in on Will before doing anything else, pleased to find he was still sleeping soundly. He placed the white wine in the fridge, the red in the cellar and

plugged Will's phone in to charge then tossed his blood soaked clothes into the wood burning fire pit they had outside. He let them burn as he showered in the main bathroom, not wanting to disturb Will by using the en suite. By the time he was clean the clothes were burned to ash and Hannibal was exhausted.

He dragged himself upstairs and slid into bed behind Will wrapping his arms around his stomach carefully, he fell into a deep sleep.

Hannibal woke after Will the next day, a rare occurrence. It was Will's fingertips on his face that woke him as they danced along his cheekbone and traced his lips. "Good morning my love," Hannibal said as his eyes opened. "How do you feel?"

"A little sore, starving," Will answered. "Did you bring home something tasty?" He asked hopefully.

"No, there was nothing desirable to be found," Hannibal answered with a slight smirk. "We do have some delicious smoked sausages from a Latino that should serve well enough," he said, stroking Will's face. "Let me get you another pain killer, then I will start on breakfast," he said, kissing Will softly before rising and donning a robe.

"No, I don't wanna sleep anymore," Will said, pushing himself upright with a grimace.

"I will make sure not to give you anything that will make you sleepy," Hannibal answered, finding the desired pill in the medicine cabinet and presenting it to Will with a glass of water. Will swallowed gratefully and tenderly touched the stitches on his forehead.

"How bad do I look?" He asked.

"The blue brings out your eyes beautifully," Hannibal answered, pleased when Will laughed. He returned to the bathroom to brush his teeth before heading downstairs to begin breakfast.

Will joined him ten minutes later, in his own robe. "That smells amazing," he complimented.

"Plump blood sausages, fatty bacon, eggs and bubble and squeak," Hannibal said, placing a large plate of food in front of Will with a proud smile.

"That's a big meal," Will said with a bright smile.

"You are recuperating," Hannibal said kindly. "Later you shall have ice cream."

"Yey!" Will said cheerfully, digging into his food. Hannibal instructed Alexa to turn on the radio just in time for the morning news. He was the top story.

'A young man was found dead in his home this morning. Neighbours saw his door was partially opened and found his body. Police are certain this was a homicide and possibly hate motivated as nothing was taken and the man was severely beaten. The victim had a history of drug convictions and was on parole. Security camera in the area were recently broken and police so far have no leads'

"How about some music instead? Will suggested.

“If you like,” Hannibal said pleasently.

“Alexa, play Billy Joel,” Will said, smiling when Billy the kid began playing. They ate at the kitchen island with the music playing softly in the background. A peaceful meal of domestic bliss.

When his plate was empty Will slid from his stool and approached Hannibal standing between his legs and drawing him into a kiss. “You beat him to death?” He asked.

“I also punched out the majority of his perfect teeth, drove my thumbs into his eyes and ripped off his penis with my bare hands,” Hannibal answered with no remorse. “I also cut off that tattoo of his, I left it in his mouth to assist in having him identified. I doubt he is recognizable.”

“Doesn’t sound like you,” Will commented, tilting his head.

“He hurt you,” Hannibal said with a growl, the hands on Will’s waist yanking him closer. “Of course I destroyed him. You know there is nothing I would not do to someone who would even think of causing harm to you.”

“I wish I could have seen it,” Will confessed. “Seen you lose control so completely, go insane.”

“This was not insanity,” Hannibal corrected, with a possessive kiss. “This was justified wrath.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading, I struggled so please tell me what you thought. Next up Greed.

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully recieved.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude

XXX

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